

Confessions of an Opium Eater.

THE author of this great imaginative work was born 132 years ago to-day. When young he took opium for rheumatic pains, and was never able to free himself from the drug. He was a master of prose and revealed new possibilities in its use. He died in 1859.

HICTANER "The Man Fish"

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)
PART ONE—(Continued.)
H opened the encounter at once: "Monsieur, you have spoken of an island where Oux, Fulbert and Hictaner have made their headquarters. What and where is this island?"
"I will reveal its name and location when the convention has accepted my conditions."
"What are those conditions?"
"I will make them known when you have finished your questions."
Severac bowed acquiescence.
"Monsieur," the President continued, "you know Hictaner's latest ultimatum? He asks for a young girl named Moissette, whom you have abducted and—"
"M. Van Delt checked himself. Here was the knot of that terrible drama in which the destiny of the world was at stake. Each one felt it. Severac did not even tremble, but the delegates, all with the same mechanical movement, bent forward a little in passionate readiness for the rest of the question and the response Severac might make to it. In the midst of the silence M. Van Delt said, seriously now:
"You have not spoken of Moissette nor of this abduction, Monsieur Severac."
"I urge you to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth."
"Have you really carried this young girl away? Where is she at this moment?"
Severac did not reply at once. He looked fixedly at M. Van Delt, then at all the delegates, whose eyes were riveted upon him.
"I did, take me Moissette, gentlemen. But I have no intention of telling you where she is hidden. Moissette is mine, and I am watching over her."

Severac's defiance.
He was silent a moment, then slowly he went on:
"You do not need Moissette's return to render Hictaner powerless. It will be enough if you destroy the island, for that will remove Hictaner's base of supplies. His torpedo then will be a useless engine."
"But, monsieur," exclaimed the president, "if we restore Moissette to Hictaner the peace of the world is assured without further bloodshed."
"What do I care for the peace of the world," replied Severac, dryly. "I shall keep Moissette."
"That is one of the conditions upon which I will reveal the position of the mysterious island to you."
"You forget," said M. Van Delt, "that you are in our power. We can have you shot if you do not give up Moissette."
Severac shrugged his shoulders and said simply:
"Have me shot? I would not tell you where the island is."
"You will not find Moissette, and Hictaner will destroy you at his leisure."
"Your submission to Oux and Fulbert would not bring you peace, since Hictaner is not fighting for Fulbert and Oux, but for Moissette alone."
Of course here was irrefragable logic.
The delegates looked at him, undecided and a little confused. Severac inwardly enjoyed having the power of the earth at his mercy—he the dishonored and hunted anarchist condemned to death, the prisoner of the powers.
"Monsieur," said the chairman, "is this your last word? Do you refuse to deliver Moissette to us?"
"Yes, and she is so well hidden that you cannot find her. Only three persons know where she is—a woman, a man and myself."
"The woman will not talk because she is locked in with Moissette, whom she is guarding; the man will not talk because he is dead, and I will not talk because I do not wish to."
"Well," said M. Van Delt, "we will have you removed and we will deliberate upon the matter."
The chairman turned toward the prefect to give the order for removing the prisoner, when one of those melodramatic events took place which make one believe in Providence's intervention in human affairs.
Before M. Van Delt had an opportunity to give the order the prefect rose and said, smilingly:
"Mr. President, at once turned toward the prefect, and several grew limp under the lash of a vague, terrible fear.
"Gentlemen," said the prefect, "it would be useless to take the prisoner out, and useless to deliberate in his absence. If I cannot complete his revelation, I can at least push them further—I can give you the information he is hiding."
"What have you to say?" exclaimed the president.
"Five words—I know where Moissette is."
"You know?"
Cheers came from all mouths. Amazed and stunned, Severac rose. "Speak! Speak!" came from all sides.
"Gentlemen," the prefect went on quietly, "I am obliged to go back into the past a trifle. You did not know that M. Bertillon was the victim of an attack some days ago."
"M. Bertillon?" exclaimed the delegates.
"Yes. An attack which was kept secret."
Severac guessed a part of the truth, and he was livid. His legs almost went from under him, but he made an effort of will and continued standing, trying to control the trembling of his whole body.
The prefect went on in the same calm fashion:
"M. Bertillon was attacked because he had been made the unconscious accomplice of Charles Severac's dark deeds."
"He was attacked in order that he might be made powerless to harm."
"But?"
The prefect stopped, as if to bring out what he was about to say into strong relief. The delegates were hanging on his words and Severac was gasping. The prefect continued:
"But M. Bertillon is not dead!"
"Not dead?" shouted Severac.
"The wound inflicted by Vera Severac's accomplice did not kill!"
"Mr. President, I should like to ask that you hear what M. Bertillon has to say. He will come here and tell you where Moissette is."
There was great excitement.
Throwing their usual dignity to the winds, the delegates arose and crowded round the president, crying:
"Speak!"
"Where is he?"
"Let us see him here!"
"Now! Now! Let him speak!"
"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" the president repeated. "Come to order, please! We are forgetting ourselves."
At last he succeeded in making himself heard.
The delegates once more went to their seats.
Severac sank back in his chair, and little by little took courage in the thought that nothing but the tiniest of submersibles could penetrate the channel leading to Rosas Grottoes.
When quiet was re-established, the president said:
"Let M. Bertillon be shown in, please."
The prefect gave a signal to one of the four brigadiers, who left the room and almost immediately reappeared.
Behind him was M. Bertillon in an invalid's chair borne by two men.
Although pale and emaciated, he was smiling, and his brilliant eyes shone with extraordinary resolution.
Bertillon arrives.
As he appeared the delegates rose and bowed to the distinguished newcomer.
His attendants crossed the room, and in obedience to a signal from the prefect, the door of the Hictaner's president's right, facing Severac, from whom he was separated by the width of the table.
The delegates were finally seated, and M. Van Delt said, turning toward the wounded man:
"Monsieur, do you feel strong enough to make your deposition before the committee?"
"Yes, Messieurs," replied the avant in a weak but clear and willing voice. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"
"I do."
"Please begin your narrative, M. Bertillon. We are waiting."
M. Bertillon then related, without any interruption, the story of the letter from the unknown woman in which she asked for his help in deciphering a cryptogram, and the visit from the stranger during which he deciphered the cryptogram and was struck down by a blow from her dagger.
"I fell down beside the table," continued M. Bertillon, "and should have died there, for my eyes had been killed, had not my brother, whom I was expecting that day, arrived barely a quarter of an hour after the flight of the murderers."
"The murderers?" exclaimed the president. "When the one you call Vera was not alone?"
"No, for she would not have been able to strangle my servant, who, though aged, had the strength to defend herself against any one."
"Vera must have had an accomplice who entered at a signal after I had been struck."
"Please continue," said the president.
"Surprised because no one responded to his ring, my brother, who knew I must be expecting him, and who also knew that my maid would not be out in my absence, opened the door."
"He had a master key for all the locks in my house, for he is my collaborator, and when I am out of town he often comes to work at my desk, day or night."
"He found me unconscious and covered with blood."
"He is a surgeon, you know, and he dressed my wound, which though serious was not mortal."
"When I came to my senses I had no difficulty in persuading my brother that we must conceal the attack made upon me."
"We should then be much better able to discover the assassins, and especially to unravel their criminal secrets."
"My servant was buried quietly, thanks to the intelligent co-operation of a doctor in my quarter, who gave the permit when he had been let into the secret."
"My brother cared for me so successfully that I have been able to make the journey from Paris to Rosas Grottoes, where my friend, the prefect, has given me his hospitality and his protection from notoriety."
M. Bertillon was silent, breathing hard. He cast a look of triumph toward Severac and said:
"Nothing now remains but to communicate the text of the cipher sent by Severac to the anarchist Archibald, of whose death he was ignorant. This is the message:
"The dagger's blow fixed it upon my very soul, and I believe that if my brain were dead my fingers could still write it. Listen."
M. Bertillon enunciated slowly:
"Rosaas Grotto—Send Vera and money. Have important assistance. Safe. Successful."
Interrupting the words ready to come from the president's lips, M. Bertillon went on:
"Rosaas Grotto, of which I happen to have heard a legend during one of my trips into Catalonia, lies somewhere on the coast near the city of the same name, in Spain, to the south of Cape Crois."
"The hostage mentioned is evidently the same Moissette whom Hictaner demands. My deposition is now at an end."
M. Bertillon, who could not have been sustained by anything but his determination to unburden himself, fell back exhausted in his chair. His piercing eyes, still open, were fixed upon Severac.
Mixing among the delegates was now at its height, and triumph and satisfaction shone in every eye.
(To be Continued Tomorrow)

What Power Had the Violet Diamond? Read "The Fatal Ring"

Magazine Page

Tell Your Fortune?

By NELL BRINKLEY

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CURLY-LOCKS, in knickers, looks into the glass every night. I don't think she looks in always because she is vain. Sometimes I think she looks for something or somebody there; perhaps the little girl she was once—and who still is about somewhere close and could look over her shoulder if she chose; perhaps the girl she really is, and can never see; perhaps the girl that other folks see, and that always vanishes—no matter how quickly she looks in the mirror for her. "If my mouth hitches up on one side," says Curly Locks, "I will never know it, because the instant I peer into the glass it straightens. I see another girl than all the world sees. I wish I could see all of me." Perhaps for

the Prince in the story book with a face that she cannot describe; perhaps for Fate who might some day for a dim moment show her sybil eyes from the gloom behind Curly Locks' head.
Will come a night perhaps when Curly Locks will see her Fortune there? Curly Locks smoothed and hidden under a white cloth with its tiny red cross of honor about the brows, hard-earned. White hands busy and not so smooth any more, but tender. White shoulders hidden away for a season under stiff cloth. "My Fortune" will whisper Curly Locks. "And you," rubbing stolen kisses thoughtfully, "will learn the ways of cotton stockings and floor scrubbing. So be it. Columbia is my sweetheart, too, as well as my brother's!"—Nell Brinkley.

If We Lived on the Moon

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

STANDING in that astonishing place on the shattered rim of the vast crater rim, or ring mountain, called "Copernicus," you might well suppose that the moon had no more wonderful spectacle to show; but in that you would be mistaken. "Copernicus" is extremely grand and imposing, but it is only a type of a great series of similar formations, extinct volcanoes they are sometimes called, which are the most characteristic features of lunar mountain scenery, and some of which are so vast that in comparison with them even "Copernicus," with its lofty ring 175 miles in circuit, falls into a secondary rank.
But to visit these scenes comfortably you would have to have some means of locomotion unknown on the earth. At first sight, remembering the lightness of everything on the moon, it might seem that an aeroplane would be just the thing. But an aeroplane cannot "aviate" without an atmosphere to react upon its spinning screw and to sustain its soaring wings.
An eagle, a bumble-bee, a fly, a mosquito, a balloon, and the most powerful aeroplane, would all slide by side on the moon, alike helpless and unable to rise. The bird and the insects would agitate their wings in vain; not an inch could they stir, unless they brought their legs into play for jumping, and in that their success would be astonishing.
The balloon might be filled to bursting with hydrogen, but it would never quit the ground unless some giant lunarian kicked it; and the motor of the aeroplane might be driven until it sent the machine racing on its wheels at a thousand miles an hour; but, except for its mighty bounds when it hit obstacles in its path, it could not lift itself any more than a man can lift himself by his boot straps. When it struck rough country your gravely-bound aeroplane would dash

itself to pieces. There is no soaring or flying in a vacuum, although there may be very fast running. Which is simply a modification and combination of falling and leaping. I see no way out for you, then, unless your lunarian friends could indicate, or you, remembering the kind of mother necessity is, could invent for yourself, show some method of employing electric energy in such a manner as to counteract gravity, and at the same time produce progressive motion, by means, let us imagine, of those two wonderful opposite actions of electricity—attraction and repulsion. With a lunatic machine like that you could doubtless go wherever you wished on the moon.

If you were well advised, then, after having satisfied your curiosity with the marvels of "Copernicus," you would set off in an east-northeast direction across the "Oceanus Procellarum" (Ocean of Storms), which has neither water nor waves nor winds, going some 500 miles, until you arrived in the neighborhood of a ring mountain, only about half as large as "Copernicus," the first sight of which, if you were travelling high enough above the lunar surface to catch sight of its central peak peering above its ring-wall, and if it were forenoon on the moon so that the sunlight fell strong upon the face of the peak, would surely make your heart beat quicker at the thought that you had discovered a mountain covered with a blanket of diamonds, or, at the very least, rock crystals!

The whole great peak, and the inner curve of the enclosing mountain ring fifteen miles behind it, would blaze like a jeweler's window, or an ice-coated tree, in the morning sunshine. You would probably recall that you had read about this marvellous lunar mountain under the name of "Aristarchus."

It is so brilliantly reflective that the "earth-shine" makes it visible, from the earth, 340,000 miles away, in the midst of the lunar night. Being able to land your machine upon it, and to clamber at your will over its shining precipices, you would find out for certain, what some astronomers at home would give a wisdom tooth to know, viz., what makes "Aristarchus" so magnificently bright.

It cannot be snow, for the moon has no water from which to make snow. It is not likely to be white ashes or sand, because it is spread over slopes and cliffs too steep to retain them. It must be something in the rocks themselves, some glossy or spangled mineral, like mica, or more interestingly like some precious crystal, or metal. At any rate I should like to be with you when you solved the mystery, and to fill my pockets, too. Even if it were not diamonds it would be worth more than diamonds when you brought it back to the earth. You could set up in the "moon jewels" business with the certainty of making a quick fortune. But, whatever you found the mysterious substance to be, you would discover that the moon itself has no second deposit equal to that displayed by "Aristarchus."

There are a few other lunar mountains that exhibit a similar brightness of reflection, but "Aristarchus" easily outshines all of them, and stands unrivalled as the most splendid object on the moon. For a change of scene, you would now turn north-westward, and skirting the southern coast of the "Sea of Showers," bordered with magnificent cliffs, you would arrive at a mysterious round valley, deep-sunken in the midst of a circle of mountains, a few miles back from the shore of the ancient "Sea." A valley as regular in outline as a Roman amphitheatre, but more than 8,000 feet deep and sixty miles across. Seen from the earth this wonderful valley, which we name "Plato," looks like a dark oval depression, resembling the stamp of a seal ring in black wax. It is full of strange things, but what you might make of them we shall see in another article.

To Be Continued.

When Cooking Dried Vegetables.

SOAKING is a necessary preliminary when cooking dried vegetables. Peas should be soaked in cold water for one hour or longer, and other vegetables for five or six hours or overnight. Heat them gradually and cook slowly. In the case of most vegetables they need only a few minutes' cooking.—From Good Housekeeping.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND THRILL

Pearl Gets a Note from Knox and Calls Up Tom Carleton on the Phone at His Office

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish	PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake	Warner Oland
The High Priestess	Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox	Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton	Henry Gsell

SYNOPSIS.

Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, is accused of having in her possession "The Violet Diamond of Daroon." She knows nothing of the gem, which is eagerly sought by the followers of the Violet God of Daroon, led by the High Priestess of the order. They dispatch one of their number, Nicholas Knox, to get the gem or suffer death. He holds up Pearl, and she promises to help him. Knox has the setting, and Pearl, knowing that her father bought the stone in the Far East, asks Richard Carslake, his secretary, to call on her, to call and tell her about it. Carslake calls, sees the setting and takes it away at the point of a gun. Later the Priestess and her Arabs appear and he loses it. Pearl and Knox in their search for the diamond have many narrow escapes. Tom Carleton, a reporter, saves them. Tom persuades Pearl to draw Knox out in an effort to learn the mystery connected with the Violet Diamond, but she is not successful. Meanwhile a mysterious lady calls on Knox and tells him the news whereabouts of Carslake. Pearl and Tom find him and secure the Violet Diamond. Pearl insists on going to the temple with it. There Knox tries to take it from her, but she puts it in a vase and hurries the vase to the street where Carslake picks up the gem. Meanwhile Pearl is held for punishment by the Priestess, who has learned that the Priestess, who her house and suspended her feet over the cauldron of boiling lead. Knox pleads in vain for her release, then goes away, but Tom Carleton manages to see her. She escapes and sends her to her home, where she promises to rest to get over her fatigue. Carslake meanwhile takes the diamond and goes to dinner at a well known restaurant.

Order of the Violet God of Daroon had sworn to punish.

Pearl Gets His Note.

So he sent his note by messenger, letting the boy in himself and locking the door after him; and after going over the house once again, to make certain that it was secure against outsiders, he returned to his study and tried to content himself waiting.

Pearl, meanwhile, was in her boudoir resting after her frightful experience in the Temple of the Violet God. When her maid brought her a note, she was so surprised that she hurriedly crossed to the telephone and called Tom Carleton.

He was in one corner of the City room of his paper, surrounded by other reporters, each intent upon his own affairs. However, the ringing of the telephone caused all hands to get up and take notice, and when Jennings answered the call and announced to the crowd at large that a lady wished to speak with Mr. Thomas Carleton, a wild outburst of applause greeted his words.

"Now, Thomas," cried one, in an excited falsetto.

"Oh, you Thomas!" cried another, tittering foolishly.

"Naughty fusties," cried a third.

Tom smiled and waved them aside as he hurried to the phone. It did not seem possible that she could be calling so soon and yet—

"Hello," he said into the phone.

"Hello-o-o-o!" drawled half a dozen reporters in half a dozen different tones of gentle politeness.

"Is that the voice of Tom?" said Pearl, "I can hardly hear you, there is such a racket."

A Meeting Arranged.

"I know," said Tom. "Just these idiotic reporters trying to be funny. Is anything wrong?"

"That silenced the jesters. If anything was wrong they did not want to interfere."

"Yes," said Pearl. "They're after Knox. Meet me at the corner of Eighth and Fifth avenue in twenty minutes. It's important!"

"Very well. In twenty minutes," agreed Tom. "Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver and dashed for his hat. The other reporters looked after him sympathetically, and one or two offered assistance, but he waved them away with murmured thanks and vanished, and in less than twenty minutes he was standing on the corner indicated waiting for Pearl.

She had followed the chauffeur instructions to stop just long enough to pick him up. So as the car drew near she waved to him from the window to indicate that he must climb in.

And so in twenty-five minutes after her receipt on Knox's letter she was on the way to Knox's house.

The Arabs had made themselves familiar with the location some time before, and they had their plans for affecting an entrance perfected.

Two gained the roof of Knox's house, after traversing five or six other roofs to reach it, and dropping a rope down to the balcony of Knox's study, they let themselves down—noiselessly.

No Sound to Be Heard.

Two others climbed the fence in the rear, and crossing the yard, entered the kitchen door.

The cook was in the kitchen, setting out her bread to rise over night against the morning's baking. She had been cautioned by Knox to keep a sharp lookout for strangers—especially strangers with swarthy skins and black hair. But so silently they moved she was not aware of their coming until one clapped his hand over her mouth to prevent her screams, while the other bound her.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

"Good Housekeeping" Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Stirrers level tablespoonful equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Alaska Pudding.

One and a half cupful cream or evaporated milk, half pound large prunes, one-third cupful sugar, one-half pint currant or red raspberry jelly, one cupful hot water, one lemon, two tablespoonfuls sugar. Cook prunes till tender, remove stems and rub through a colander. Add cream and sugar and freeze; then pack in the bottom of a one-quart mold. Dissolve jelly in water, add lemon juice and sugar, cook; then freeze and when frozen pack on top of the prune ice-cream. Seal the mold carefully and pack in ice and salt, one part of salt to two parts of ice, leaving for two hours before serving.

Marbled Tongue.

One pound boiled tongue, two pounds cooked veal, one-half cupful melted butter, salt, pepper. Chop veal and tongue separately until fine; add salt and pepper to veal. Pour over the veal the melted butter, mix thoroughly; then put alternate layers of each in a pan and put under a press or weight. Serve in slices with lemon or a garnish of green. This will serve six to twelve persons.

Chocolate Mint Sauce for Ice-Cream.

Two cupfuls light-brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful powdered mint-syrup, cocoa, 1 cupful milk. Put sugar and milk into a saucepan and add cocoa when mixture comes to a boil. Cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water (235 deg. F.). Add enough of the mint-syrup to taste and beat until thick as a mush. Serve on ice-cream. If the sauce hardens before serving, add a little melted butter and beat.

Chocolate Mint Fudge.

Four cupfuls light-brown sugar, 1 cupful mint-syrup, 1 1/4 cupfuls milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa. Mix sugar, milk, butter, and mint-syrup. When mixture comes to a boil add cocoa. Cook slowly until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water (235 deg. F.). Put kettle into a pan of cold water and beat until stiff. Pour into buttered pan and cut in squares.

Peanut-Rice Salad.

Three tablespoonfuls rice, boiling salted water, 1/4 cupful of finely chopped peanuts, 1 cupful orange juice, cream cheese balls, lettuce, French dressing. Wash rice, cook ten minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, cover with orange juice and cook in double boiler under tender. Cool, mix (using a fork) with the peanuts, sprinkle with salt. Arrange with small balls of cream cheese on lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

Chicken Gelatin.

One three to four pound chicken, one pound cold cooked tongue, one tablespoonful granulated gelatin, three hard-cooked eggs, celery-salt, two tablespoonfuls cold water, one pint clear brown stock. Roast the chicken. When cold, slice and lay in a mold with alternate layers of sliced tongue and occasional slices of hard-cooked eggs; season with celery-salt. Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling stock. Pour it over the meat. Let stand several hours in a refrigerator before unmolding. This recipe will serve at least eight persons.

Three tablespoonfuls butter, three tablespoonfuls flour, one cupful cold milk, three eggs, one cupful cold boiled rice, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter and flour in a hot saucepan, gradually add the cold milk, and stir over the fire until it is a smooth, creamy sauce. Beat the yolks of the eggs. Add seasoning. Mix the white sauce and egg-yolks with the rice, fold in the beaten whites and bake in a buttered baking-dish in a slow oven.

Rhubarb with Bananas.

Four cupfuls sweetened rhubarb sauce, two large bananas, one-third cupful sugar. Slice the bananas thinly in a serving-dish. Sprinkle them with the sugar. Pour the hot sweetened rhubarb sauce over the bananas. Set aside to cool. Serve cold.